

A
P O E M

ON THE
Memorable Fall

OF
CHLOE's P-s Pot,

Attempted in Blank Verse.

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque Fata Sepulchris.



L O N D O N,

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MEMORANDUM

TO THE HONORABLE

MEMORANDUM FOR

CHIEF OF BUREAU

LIBRARY

RECORDED IN BUREAU



ON THE

Fall of Chloe's P--s Pot.

OF wasteful Havock, and destructive Fate,
 I sing the Tragick Scene, a mournful Tale !
 Yet call no slaughtering Hero to my Aid,
 To strew my bloodless Verse with mangled Foes.
 A lower Theme befits my humble Pen,
 A Torrent spilt, but not of human Gore,
 Ruin'd, deform'd, but not of Man erect.
 Oh Heaven born Muse! (for Muse I must invoke,
 Or Mistress fair, for Fashion or for Need)
 Deign to describe the memorable Fall
 Of *Chloe's* P--s Pot, so by mortals height,
 The Vessel was, how'er uncouth the Sound,
 And veil'd by modest Maids in gentler Terms.
 Like *Rome*, the Mistress of the World it fell,
 From its own Greatness only not secure.
 Say first what Colour stain'd its vaulted Sides,
 Lest heedless Bards mistake th'important Truth,
 And speak as Fancy leads, or Rhyme commands;
 One shall term it white as Silver Swans,
 That proudly stem *Meander's* strenuous Streams,
 And spotless Innocence, or new fall'n Snow,
 That spreads its Plume on *Atlas* bleaky Head,
 Shall suffer Blemish in the wrong compare.
 Another humorous sports, and jeers its Hue,
 Earthy and course of Substance, indigest;
 How apt are Men by devious Errors led,

To wandervarious wide alike from Truth,
 A sickly Pale languish'd i'th' inner Round;
 Such as betrays the want of Love-sick Maids.
 Foe to the Rosy Cheek and Coral Lip,
 But flies the vigorous Touch of warmer Man.
 Then Beauty reassumes its lovely Seat,
 Smooth were its Sides, but from the Bottom rose
 A manly Head, imboss'd for *Hero* meant;
 No question fam'd for Arms and ancient Stem.
 Such Honours the well meaning Vulgar pay,
 The Fame of gallant Men, and waste their Skill,
 On high hung Signs, and Earth of common use,
 What Blushes did the virile Image cost.
 The harmless Maid, fearful, least so employ'd,
 The amorous Stone shou'd soften into Life,
 As Earst Pigmaliions marble Mistress chang'd;
 Her Parian Substance by less motive sway'd,
 Without a Cer'lous Dye bestrew'd the Urn;
 And on the swelling Surface, *Flora's* Pride,
 The Lilly and the gawdy Tulip smil'd;
 Fed with th' briny Nectar it contain'd.
 One Handle held the Vessel, arch'd and smooth,
 But for its weighty Purpose far unfit:
 Here Weakness lurk'd in comely Form disguis'd,
 Hence the sad Source and Root of all our Woes.
 Imprudent Man too often trusts his Fate,
 To one smooth Friend that shrinks when nearly try'd.
 The unsuspecting Fair One seldom fail'd,
 At Morn and Even to dew its spacious Womb,
 At Morn her first, at Even her latest Act.
 How often hath it flow'd with Maiden Streams,
 Fam'd for rare Virtues, and but rarely found.
 'Twas with this Magick Stream *Diana* spread
 The branchy Horns on bold *Adon's* Brow.

Th' Well

Th' Well e'er since a secret Power retains,
 On human Foreheads Antlers to convey.
 'Twas now the heavy Period fix'd by Fate,
 Hasten'd apace with evil Mischief fraught:
 'Tis true no Comet stream'd terrifick Blaze,
 Nor Thunder crack'd sinister roar'd presage;
 Not but a crazy Sound gave certain Proof
 Of hidden Crack, foreboding wider Wounds,
 Yet 'scap'd Suspicion, Foresight ever fails,
 When unavoided Ruin is decreed.
 The feeble Sun aray'd with lifeless Flames,
 Inn'd at the bearded Goat, and drove his Carr,
 Extinguish'd heavy, half the Tour of Heaven,
 And Winter keen of Breath blew shivering Cold,
 Around the Globe, and ty'd the voluble Streams.
 Some to Chimneys warm Protection fly,
 And fright the sooty Hearth with dreadful tale,
 Of spright Nocturnal or adventrous Knight;
 Some bid defiance to th' inclement Air,
 Fir'd with the juicy flame of old *Talerne*.
 Amidst a jovial Crew fair *Chloe* quaffs
 With loud Carouse, till sated Nature crav'd,
 Timely relax, dissent with liquid Pain.
 Alone she lifts the Jordan to her Aid,
 When strait a hideous Dinn 'gan roar aloud,
 Wave dash'd on Wave, Deluge on Deluge fell,
 And curl'd the circling Eddy to the Brim.
 Whole Cataracts at once discharg'd fell down,
 With violent Gush, and drove the steep Cascade,
 'Till weary of its Load, the lab'ring Urn,
 Flew from its Hold, a horrid Burst ensues,
 And mangled Limbs bestrew'd the drowned Floor.
 Not louder roar'd the three edg'd Bolt of Heaven,
 When form'd by *Vulcan*, or when thrown by *Jove*,
Forth

Forth from the broken Shreds a tepid Sea
 Rolls angry foam, and smokes along the Plain,
 Part of the Stream with flow and winding Pace,
 Sunk unobserv'd in narrow Crannys lost;
 Part murmuring crowding at the Portal wide,
 That ope's the mazy way that wand'ring leads
 To th' ancient Cave of Earth protected Mice.
 The Race exiguous, uninur'd to wet,
 Their Mansions quit, and other Countries seek.
 Thus fell the Jordan that had long withstood,
 Firm and resolv'd the mighty shock of Waves,
 Which lost their Strength, and beat its Shores in vain.
 Till at the approach of one impetuous Tide,
 Fate took the Occasion, and confirm'd its Doom.
 So the fam'd Edystone near *Plymouth* Port,
 Sure mark to wand'ring Ships when lost in Night;
 Contemn'd the Billows rowling round its Sides,
 And mock'd their Sports, till on a fatal Night,
 The Winds blew loud, the enrag'd Billows roar'd,
 And plung'd the *Pharo's* in th' vast Abyſs.



F I N I S.

